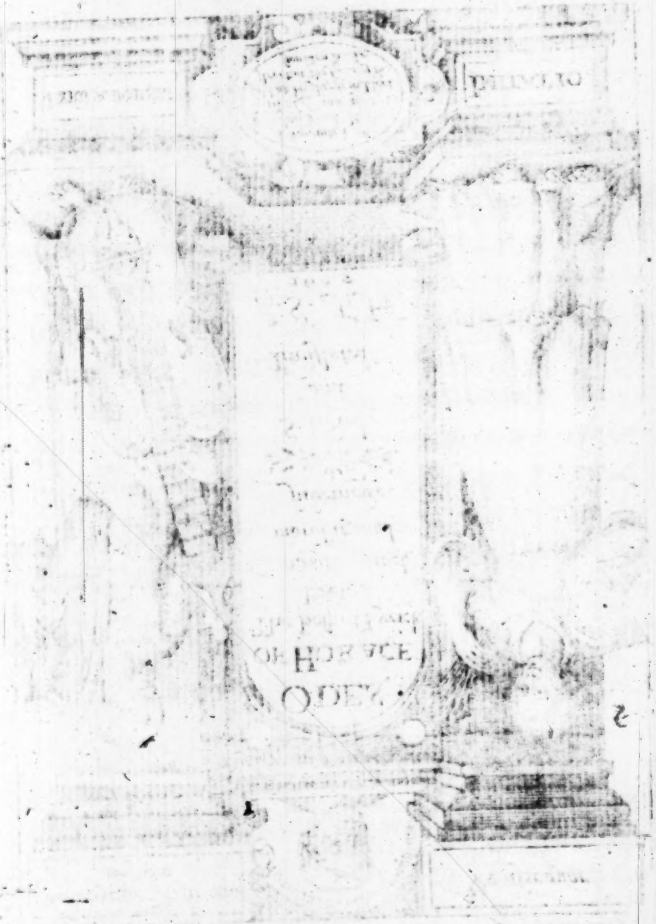
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Breui complector singula carmine.
Q. Horatius Flaccus venusinus.
Vt assequar
ODES
OF HORACE
The best of Lyrick
Poetr,
Containing much
morality and
sweetnesse.
Selected,
and
Translated
by S. T. H.
1625
Imprinted at
London by A. M. for
Will. Sc. and are to be
sold at his Shoppe in Fleet-
street at the signe of the
Swallow.
LYRICA POESIS
IMITATIO.



To the Reader.

FRiendly, and generous *Reader*) I preſent not *Horace* to thee, in his natiue luſtre, nor Language. Take theſe rather (if ſo thou pleaſe) for a reflection, from that brighter body of his liuing *Odes*. Behold in them *Moralitie* touched, and *Vertue* heightned, with cleareneſſe of *Spirit*, and accurateneſſe of *Iudgement*. Theſe haue I ſelected amongſt many, not with deſire to preſcribe the ſame choiſe to others, as a rule; nor yet with any diffidence in my own election. *Abundat quiſq; ſuo ſenſu.* When in a Garden we gather a *Coronet* of Flowres, wee intend not the totall beautie of that faire piece of proſpectiue, but particular ornament, and entermingled delight. Theſe ſupply both. But many (no doubt) will ſay, *Horace* is by mee forſaken, his *Lyrick* ſoftneſſe, and emphaticall

Muſe maymed: That in all there is a generall defection from his genuine Harmony. Thoſe I muſt tell, I haue in this Tranſlation, rather ſought his *Spirit*, then *Numbers*; yet the *Muſique* of Verſe not neglected neither, ſince the Engliſh eare better heareth the *Diſtick*, and findeth that ſweetneſſe, and ayre in theſe proportions, which the *Latine* affecteth, and (queſtionleſſe) attaineth in *Saphick* or *Iambick* meaſures. Some will vrge againe, why were not theſe Wreathes of morall, and ſerious *Odes*, for the more varietie, and generall entertainement of moſt, mixed with his wanton and looſer ſtraines of *Poeſie*? Theſe I anſwer, and with it conclude. The *Tranſlatour* of theſe, had rather teach Vertue to the modeſt, then diſcouer Vice to the diſſolute. The ſtreames of *Helicon*, are cleare, and Chryſtalline. Drinke thou goodneſſe from theſe purer Fountaines, whileſt ſuch take vnhappy draughts, from the troubled and muddy waters of *Senſuality*.

In Fidelissimum HORATII *interpretem T. H.* Equitem Auratum.

ANglia *nunc Musis dominatur*; Horatius Anglus
Lætatur; Lyrico victaq; Roma *suo est*;
Talia, linguarum Dominam mirabere posse
Dicere; non magis est, hæc potuisse, rudem?
Flaccus *mutatur, remanet sed candor in Illo;*
Plumeus, in doctas, concidit imber, aquas;
Sic tibi gentis honos, nostræ tibi debita linguæ
Gloria; & Angliacæ *Laurea vitta Comæ.*

F. L.

To the Tranſlatour.

WHat ſhal I firſt commend? your happy choice
Of this moſt vſefull *Poet*? or your skill,
To make the *Eccho* equall with the voice,
And trace the Lines drawne by the *Authors* quill?
The *Latine* Writers by vnlearned hands,
In forraine Robes vnwillingly are dreſt,
But thus inuited into other Lands,
Are glad to change their tongue at ſuch requeſt.
The good, which in our minds their labours breed,
Layes open to their Fame a larger way.
Theſe ſtrangers *England* with rich plentie feed,
Which with our Countreys freedome we repay:
When ſitting in pure Language like a Throne,
They proue as great with vs, as with their owne.

Iohn Beaumont.

To

To his worthie Friend, Sr. *T. H.* Knight, vpon his Tranſlation.

WHile to thy Time the Lyrick Poet ſings,
And takes new graces frõ thy tuned ſtrings;
Behold, whole Quires of Muſes, reddy ſtand,
To beg like fauour at thy curious hand.
Who would not ioyne with them, and moue the ſame,
That ſees this One ſo happie in thy Name?
We whom the Romans *held for dull and weake,*
Now teach their beſt of Poets how to ſpeake.
They need not lay to thee, the want of skill,
Of Muſick, or of Muſes, hee that will,
May heare them both expreſt by thee, in vaines
Equall, if not beyond the Roman *ſtraines.*

George Forteſcue.

To my Noble Friend, Sir *T. H.* Knight.

An Ode in pure Iambick feet.

I Knew before thy dainty tuch,
Vpon the Lordly Violl:
But of thy Lyre who knew ſo much
Before this happy triall?
So tuned is thy ſacred Harpe,
To make her *eccho* ſweetly ſharpe.

I wote not how to praiſe inough
Thy Muſick and thy Muſes:
Thy Gloſſe ſo ſmooth, the Text ſo tough,
Be Iudge, who both peruſes.
Thy choice of Odes is alſo chaſte,
No want it hath, it hath no waſte.

A grace it is for any Knight,
A ſtately Steed to ſtable;
But vnto *Pegaſus* the light
Is any comparable?
No Courſer of ſo comly Courſe,
Was euer as the winged *Horſe*.

S. *Phi Sidney.* That *Aſtrophill*, of Arts the life,
A *Knight* was, and a *Poët*:
S. *Geof. Chaucer.* So was the Man, who tooke to wife
The Daughter of *La-Roët*.
So Thou that haſt reſeru'd a parte,
To rouze my *Iohnſon*, and his *Arte*.

Receiue the while my lowly Verſe
to waite vpon thy Muſes:
Who cannot halfe thy worth reherſe,
My braine that height refuſes.
Beneath thy *Meede* is all my praiſe;
That, asks a Crowne of holy *Baies*.

Hugh Holland.

In laudem Authoris.

Oda,

In quâ Versiones nonnullæ ab eodem factæ prænotantur.

Qualis Sonoro voluitur alueo
Vernis Hydaspes *imbribus intumens,*
Ripæque debellator vndas
Per teneras rapit amnis herbas.
Horatiano *talis ab æquore*
Lingua decorus flumine patrio
Manas, & inspiras amorem
Cordibus, imperio Camœna.
Seu cautu austis Regibus editum
Heroa promis: seu violentius
Vndas retorquentem minacis
Tibridos *in dominam Orbis vrbem*
Cantas Etrusci *littoris aggerem:*
Vitæ ipse purus seu canis integrum;
Raptumque non deduci ab Orco
Quinctilium *lacrymis perurges.*
Per te Dianam *dicere Virgines*
Nouere. Diuam, *quæ regit* Antium,
Eheu! quid vrges in Britannos
Cæsareis *comitem ire turmis?*
Nunc quæris aurâ quis color abdito.
Nunc mentis ornas æquanimæ fidem.
Nunc Mystis *extincti calores*
Pierijs *moderaris vndis.*
Tandem beato ruris in otio
Laudas agentes. His tibi sæcula
Post mille duraturum, & vltra
Carminibus monumentum adornas.

Mœcenas *Atauis, &c.*
Iam satis terris, &c.
Integer vitæ, &c.
Quis desiderio, &c.
Dianam *tenera, &c.*
O Diua gratum, &c.
Nullus argento, &c.
Æquam memento, &c.
Nou semper imbrei, &c.
Beatus ille, qui, &c.
Exegi monumentum, &c.

G. D.

V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato, Suo.

ANglica Romani *iam prodit Musa leporis*
Æmula, nec cæptis excidit illa suis.
Quàm sibi Narcisso *similis* Narcissus *in undis,*
Tam similis nostras Flacce Poeta *tibi.*
Quàm similis linguæ rediuiuis vocibus Echo
Permeat æthereas, Nympha canora, plagas,
Tam similis Lyricæ respondet nostra Camœnæ,
Romanumq; *melos* Anglica *plectra mouent.*
Romanas *tenuit* Romanus Horatius *aures,*
Nunc Anglas Anglus *non tenet ille minùs.*
Nam quod dulce sonat Romanis Appula *Musa.*
Hoc resonas Anglis Cantia *Musa tuis.*

I. CHAPPERLINVS.

ODES

ODES OF HORACE.

The First Booke.

Ode. I.

To MÆCENAS.

All things please not all men. HORACE *most especially affecteth the name of a* Lyrick *Poet.*

Mæcenas atavis.

MÆcenas) sprung from Grandsire Kings descent,
O, my defence, and sweetest ornament.
There are, who in their Chariots speedy slight,
To rayse *Olimpique* dust, doe take delight:

And hauing with chaff'd wheeles, the goale declin'd,
For Conqueſt's meed, haue ſtile of gods aſsign'd.
This man, if wauering Citizens contend,
His worth, with threefold honours to commend:
That other, if he in his Garnier ſtores,
What euer hath beene ſwept from *Lybian* flores,
From painefull Tillage, and the Countreys loue,
The wealth of *Attalus* can neuer moue,
That he a Marriner in feare of loſſe,
With *Cyprian* Barke *Myrtoan* Seas ſhould croſſe.
When Southweſt windes, *Icarian* waues doe raiſe,
The Merchãt reſt,& Countrey graunge doth praiſe;
Straight his torne Veſſell, he repayres againe,
The force of want vnable to ſuſtaine.
Some others vſe, old *Maſſique* Wines to ply,
Nor from the day, ſome part to take deny;
Now, ſeeking vnder *Arbutt's* ſhade to cling,
Now neere the ſoft head of ſome gentle Spring.
In Tents, and Trumpets Eccho ſome delight,
Mixt with the Flute, and Warres that Mothers fright
In Fields the Hunter on the coldeſt day,
Forgetfull of his tender Wife, doth ſtay:
Whither his faithfull doggs, haue view'd the Hinde,
Or, *Marſyan* Bore his round netts haue vntwin'd.
Me, *Iuy* the reward, for Learned browes.
A place, among ſupernall gods allowes
Light quires of Wood Nymphes, that with Satyres
And ſhady groues from Vulgar me diuide: (bide,
So that my Pipe *Euterpe* not reſtraine,
Nor *Polyhimne* to tune my Lute refraine.

But

But if you me, 'mongſt *Lyricks* will account,
My rayſed Creaſt aboue the Starres ſhall mount.

Ode II.

To Avgvstvs Cæsar.

Many ſtormes are powred vpon the People of Rome *in reuenge of* Iulius Cæſar *ſlaine. The onely hope of the Empire is placed in the ſafetie of* Auguſtus.

Iam ſatis terris.

Ioue, now on Earth, ſufficient,
Of Snow, and direfull Hayle hath ſent;
Who ſhaking Towers, with fiery hand,
Affrighted made the Citie ſtand:
He Nations ſcarr'd, leſt *Pirrah's* Raigne
New Monſters ſhould produce againe;
As earſt when *Proteus* draue his Flock,
To feed on Cliffe of ſteepy Rock,
Then to the Elme's Tope Fiſhes claue,
Which Turtles vs'd for ſeat to haue
And Does, whom ſodaine frights diſeaſe,
Swam boldly ouer ſwelling Seas.

Our eyes haue yealow *Tybers* Flood
Beheld, by *Tyrrhen* Shores withstood
With violence; run downe to beate,
The Tombes of Kings, and *Vesta's* seat.
While *Ilia* much to him complaines,
He vowes reuenge: Though *Ioue* disdaines,
His wandring, and vxorious waue,
Vpon the Citie bancke, should raue.
Succeeding Youth, through Parents crimes,
Impayr'd, shall heare that passed times,
Haue sharp'ned swords; shall heare of bralls,
Wherewith the *Persian* better falls.
To which god, shall we Vowes assigne,
Now, that our State affaires decline?
What prayer shall holy Virgin Saints,
To *Vesta* yeeld, made deafe to plaints?
To whom shall *Ioue*, the power dispense,
Of expiating Sinnes offence?
(Diuining *Phebus*) come we pray,
Whose shoulders white the Clouds array.
Or, if thou please (smoth *Venus*) hy
About whom *Sport* and *Pleasures* flye.
Or founder *Mars*, if Stocke, or Kinne,
Thou Loue, which haue neglected bene.
O, thou that cloyed art with fight,
Whom clamour, and smoth Helmes delight:
And *Mauritanian's* visage bold,
When his sterne Fo, he doth behold.
Or, mayst thou (gentle *Maia's* Sonne)
With winged speed be hither wonne.

Augustus

Augustus figure, chaung'd in thee,
Cæsar's reuengefull friend to be.
Oh, mayst thou (late) to heauen retyre;
Be present long, to *Rome's* desire:
Nor may the speedy blast of *Time*,
Take thee offended with our Crime.
Heere Triumphs seeke, and lasting fame,
Instil'd with *Prince*, and *Fathers* name;
Nor suffer *Cæsar* (thou our Guide)
The *Medians* vnreueng'd to ride.

Ode XXII.

To Aristivs.

Integrity of life is euery where safe, which he proueth, by his owne example.

Integer Vitæ.

FVscus) the man whose life's entire,
And free from sinne, needs not desire;
The Bow, nor Dart from *Moore* to borow,
Nor from full Quiuer poys'ned Arow:
Whither o're *Libya's* partched Sands,
Or *Caucasus*, that houseleſſe stands,

He takes his iourney; or thoſe places,
By which the fam'd *Hydaſpes* traces.
For I, while, in the *Sabine* Groue,
My *Lalage* doe chaunting roue,
From me not marking limits dew,
A Wolfe (though I vnarmed) ſlew.
A Monſter ſuch, as all exceeds,
Which in large woods fierce *Daunia* feeds:
Or thoſe, which *Iuba's* Kingdome hath,
The Deſert nourſe of Lyons wroth.
Place me in coldeſt Champaines, where,
No Sommer warmth, the Trees doth cheere:
Let me in that dull Climat reſt,
Which Cloudes, and ſullen *Ioue* infeſt:
Yea place me vnderneath the Carre
Of too-neere *Phebus*: ſeated farre
From dwellings. *Lalage*, I'le loue,
Whoſe ſmiles, whoſe words ſo ſweetly moue.

Ode XXIV.

Ode XXIV.

To Virgill.

Who immoderatly bemoned the death of Quintilius.

Quis desiderio sit.

Melpomene) on whom great *Iupiter*
Did shrilleſt voice to tunefull Harpe conferre:
Declare in mournefull Notes; what ſhame, or let
Should on the loue of ſuch a friend beſet.
Shall then *Quintilius* ſleepe eternally?
An equall vnto whom, pure *Modeſtie*
And *Iuſtice* Siſter, *Faith* ſincere and plaine,
And naked *Veritie*, ſhall neuer gaine?
Of many worthy men bemoan'd he fell!:
But (*Virgill*) no man's griefe can thine excell.
Thou (louing) doſt (alas) the gods in vaine
Quintilius, not ſo lent thee, aske againe.
What if more ſweet, then *Thracian Orpheus* wyre,
You Trees perſwade, to hearken to your Lyre;
Yet can you not, returne of Life command,
To ſhaddow vaine; which once with dreadfull wand,

God

God *Mercury*, vnwilling Fate t'vnlocke,
Hath forc'd to dwell among the Stygian flocke.
Tis hard I grant. '' But Patience makes that light,
Which to correct, or chaunge, exceeds our might.

Ode XXVIII.

Architas, a Philosopher and Geometrician is presented, answering to a certaine Marriner, that all men must dye, and entreating him, that hee would not suffer his body to lie on the shore vnburied.

Te Maris, & Terræ.

THee, who the Sea, Earth, Sands, that none can tell
To bound with measure, knew'st (*Architas*) well.
The poore gift of a little dust confines,
And neere vnto the Matine shore enshrines:
Nor could it any helpe, or profit bee,
Death being ready still to call for thee;
Those ay'rie mansions to enquire from hence,
And search in mind the Heau'ns circumference.
The Syre of *Pelops*, who with Gods did feast,
And aged *Tython*, shrunke at Deaths arrest:
And *Minos*, to *Ioues* Councells call'd, was slaine,
And *Panthois* dyed, let out of Hell againe,

Though

Though he with Shield affixed, prouing well
That his first Birth in *Troian* ages fell,
Affirm'd, that death nought kill'd, but nerues, & skin:
(No man in Natures power was better seene:)
But wee into one selfe same night doe fall,
And must the paths of Death tread once for all.
The Furies, some to games of *Mars* apply
The greedy Sayler, drencht in Seas doth lie.
In death both young and old by heapes do ioyne;
Nor any head escapes sad *Proserpine*.
Yea, the South-wind, crooked *Orions* mate,
Or'ewhelm'd me in *Illyrian* waues of late:
But bee thou pleased (gentle Marriner,)
My bones, and head, in loose sand to interre.
Which done (so thou be safe) may th'Easterne wind,
That moues *Hesperian* billowes be assign'd,
To bluster lowdly in *Venusium* woods:
And may on eu'ry side, thy traffick'd goods,
In plentie flow to thee, from *Iouis* iust hand,
Aud *Neptune*, who *Tarentum* doth command:
But if to frustrate me thou bee not nice,
Which may thy guiltlesse issue preiudice;
I wish due punishment, and proud neglect,
May on thy Funerall Obsequies reflect:
Nor may my Prayers be powred forth in vaine,
Nor vowes haue strength to set thee free againe.
Yet if thou hast, no longer stay I craue,
Then, thrice the dust be throwne vpon my graue.

Ode XXXI.

To Apollo.

He desireth not riches of Apollo, *but that hee may haue a sound mind in a healthy bodie.*

Quid dedicatum poscit.

WHat doth thy Poet aske (*Phabus* diuine?)
What craues he, when he powres thee bowls (of wine?
Not the rich corne of fat *Sardinia*,
Nor gratefull flockes of burnt *Calabria*,
Nor Gold, nor *Indian* Iuory; nor the grounds,
Which silent *Lyris*, with soft streame arrounds:
Let those whom Fortune so much store assignes,
Dresse with *Calenian* hooke, their fertile Vines:
Let the rich Merchant to the Gods so deare,
(For so I tearme him right, who euery yeare
Three, or foure times, visits th' *Atlantique* Seas,
From shipwracke free:) Let him his palate please,
And drinke in gilt bowles, wines of highest price,
Bought with the sale of *Syrian* Marchandise.
Loose Mallowes, Succory, and Oliue plant
Serue me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant,
To me in health, and free from lifes annoy,
Things natiue, and soone gotten to enioy;

And

And with a mind compos'd old age attaine,
Not lothsome, nor depriu'd of *Lyrick* straine.

Ode XXXIV.

TO HIMSELFE.

Who repenteth, that having followed the Epicurean *Sect, he therby hath negligently honored the gods.*

Parcus Deorum cultor.

I Of the gods a tardie worshipper,
Whilst (skill'd) in frantike wisedome I doe erre,
Now backward forced am my sayles to raise,
And to seeke out againe forsaken wayes.
For *Iupiter*, who light to day inspires,
Diuiding sable clouds, with shining fires,
Hath through the cleare skie oft ordain'd his drift,
With thunder-breathing horse and chariot swift,
Wherewith dull earth, and wandring riuers quake,
The *Stygian* Fenne, and horrid Seat doth shake
Of hatefull *Tænarus*, and *Atlas* bounds.
" God, in exchange, the high with low confounds:
" Hee abiect baseneſse on the highest flings,
" And casteth lustre on obscured things.

Hence restlesse Fortune, height from one man takes,
With shrillest noyse, and great another makes.

Ode XXXV.

To Fortvne.

Hee beseecheth her, that shee would preserue Cæsar *going into* Brittany.

O diua gratum.

O Goddesse, which beloued *Antium* swayes,
Still ready with thy powerfull arme to raise,
Men from the low degree of wretched thralls,
Or turne proud triumphs into funeralls.
The poore, and rustick Clowne, with humble plea
Sollicites thee: Thee Lady of the Sea,
Hee lowdly inuocates; who e're doth sweepe
In *Asian* vessell the *Carpathian* deepe.
The *Dacian* rough, the wandring *Scythian*,
Cities, and Kingdomes; The fierce *Latian*;
Thee Mothers of *Barbarian* Kings doe feare,
And Tyrants, which bright purple garments weare.
Let not a standing pillar bee or'ethrowne
With thy offended foot; nor bee it knowne,

That

That people apt for armes, yet now at reſt,
Take armes againe, and Empires peace infeſt.
Thee ſharpe Neceſſitie, doth ſtill fore-goe,
Holding in brazen hand, as pledge of woe,
Tormenting beames, and racks: and more redant,
Sharpe hookes, and molten lead doe neuer want.
Thee Hope, and ſimple Faith in white attire,
Doth honour, and thy company deſire,
How e're another habit thou doſt take,
And made a foe, great houſes thou forſake.
But the falſe multitude, and periur'd whore
Doth backe retire; yea friends when veſſells ſtore,
Is to the dregges drunke vp; Away they flie,
Shunning the yoke of mutuall pouertie.
Preſerue thou *Cæſar* ſafe, wee thee implore,
Bound to the world's remoteſt *Britan* ſhore,
And the late rayſed troupes of youth moſt able,
To Eaſterne parts, and red Sea formidable.
We at our ſcarres doe bluſh, Sinne, Brothers fall.
(Vile Age) what miſcheſes doe we ſhun at all?
What youth, his hand, for feare of gods containes?
Or who himſelfe from Altars ſpoyle reſtraines?
Ah wouldſt thou now our blunted ſwords new frame
Th' *Arabians*, and the *Maſſagetes* to tame.

The end of the firſt Booke.

ODES OF HORACE.

The Second Booke.

Ode. II.

To C. SALVSTIVS CRISPVS.

Hee prayseth Proculeius *for liberalitie towards his brethers. Onely contempt of money maketh a man happie.*

Nullus Argento color.

NO colour is in Golden vaine,
(Oh *Saluſt*, enemy of gaine)
Hidden within a greedie Mine,
Vnleſſe with temp'rate vſe it ſhine.
Neuer ſhall *Proculeius* die,
'Mongſt Brothers mark'd for pietie:

Surui-

Suruiuing Fame with daring flight,
Shall yeeld his Name eternall right.
In larger circuit thou doſt raigne,
If greedy humour thou reſtraine.
Then if thou *Gades* to *Lybia* ioyne,
Or both the *Carthages* were thine.
The ſelfe-indulgent Dropſie growes,
Nor doth the palate's thirſt vnloſe,
Till man from vaines, the ſickneſſe cauſe,
And pallid watry faintneſſe drawes.
Vertue, that vulgar doth oppoſe,
Not in the ranke of happy, choſe
Phraat with *Cyrus* throne indu'de.
And doth forbid the multitude
Falſe acclamations to make,
And rule, and Scepter ſafe partake,
And Bayes to him alone apply,
Who viewes huge heapes with careleſſe eye.

Ode III.

Ode III.

To Delivs.

Proſperous, and aduerſe Fortune are to be moderately borne, ſince one, and the ſelfe ſame condition of death, hangeth ouer euery man.

Æquam memento.

IN aduerſe chaunce, an equall mind retaine,
As in beſt fortunes temp'red, free from vaine
Of mirth profuſe: For (*Delius*) thou muſt dy,
Whither in ſadneſſe, thou doeſt euer ly;
Or, on Feaſt dayes retyr'd to graſſie ſhade,
Thou with cloſe *Falerne* wine art happy made:
Where the white Poplar, and the loftie Pine,
Their friendly ſhade in mutuall branches twine:
And Riuers ſwiftly gliding ſtriue, apace (chaſe.
'Bout crooked bankes, their trembling ſtreames to
Bring hither Wine, and od'rous Vnguents. Bring
The daintie Roſe, a faire, but fading thing.
While Fortune, age, and wealth yeeld ſeaſons fit,
And the three Siſters ſable loomes permit:
Thou from thy houſe muſt part, & purchas'd woods,
And village lau'd, with yellow *Tybers* floods.
And thy high hoarded heaps of wealths exceſſe,
An Heire (perhaps) vngratefull ſhall poſſeſſe.

No

No matter tis, whither thou rich art borne,
Of *Argine* Kings; or low, expos'd to ſcorne,
Sprung from poore Parents, liu'ſt in open fields;
Thou art Death's ſacrifice, (who neuer yeelds.)
Wee all are thither brought, 'tis hee that turnes,
And windes our mortall life's vncertaine Vrnes.
Sooner or later each man hath his lot,
And exil'd hence, embarques in *Charon's* Boat.

Ode IX.

To VALGIVS.

That now at length hee would deſiſt, to deplore his deceaſed Myſte.

Non ſemper imbres.

THe ſwelling cloud, not alwayes powres,
On rugged fields impetuous ſhowres.
Nor *Caſpian* Sea (*Valgius* belou'd)
With toſſing ſtormes, is euer mou'd.
Nor on *Armenia's* bord'ring ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ice ſtands alwayes hore:
Or *Gargan* groues, with North-winds riu'd,
Or Aſh-trees are of leaues depriu'd.
You ſtill in mournfull ſort complaine
That death, hath deareſt *Myſte* ſlaine.

Your loue not failes, if *Vesper* rise,
Nor when bright *Hesper*, *Phœbus* flies.
But thrice-ag'd *Nestor*, mourn'd not still,
That death *Antilochus* did kill:
Nor Parents, nor sad Sisters, euer
To waile young *Troïlus* perseuer.
Cease then at length, thy soft complaint;
And in our Songs, now, let vs paint,
Great *Cæsar's* Trophies, and command,
And how conioyn'd to conquer'd land,
The *Median* streame, and *Nyphate* strong,
Doe in lesse Channells, runne along;
And *Gelon's* to lesse limits ty'de,
In farre more straightned fields doe ride.

Ode X.

To Licinivs.

Mediocritie to bee vsed in either Fortunes.

Rectius viues Licini.

YOur safer course *(Licinius)* count,
Not alwayes on the Maine to mount;
Nor whilst you (wisely) stormes abhorre,
Too much to trust the shelfie shore.
Hee that affects the golden meane,
Liues safe from Cottages vncleane,

And

And (ſober) doth as much deſpiſe,
In Enuy-breeding Courts to riſe.
The bluſtring winds more often farre,
Gainſt loftie Pines, doe threaten warre:
Braue Towers with greater ruine fall,
And Thunders higheſt hills enthrall.
Each Fortune, minds prepar'd doth glad,
They feare in good, and hope in bad.
Ioue brings in horrid Winters rage,
And ſodainly doth it aſſwage.
If with thee now, it bee but ill,
Thinke that it cannot bee ſo ſtill.
Sometimes *Apollo's* ſilent Muſe,
Speakes in his Harpe; nor doth he vſe,
Alwayes to bend his angry Bow;
In croſſes ſtrength, and courage ſhow.
And let your ſayles with proſperous wind
Too much aduanced, bee declin'd.

Ode XI.

To QVINTVS HIRPINVS.

Cares layd aſide, let vs liue merily.

Quid bellicoſus Cantaber.

WHat the *Cantabrian* ſtout, or *Scythian* thinke,
Diuided with oppoſed *Adria's* brinke,

(*Quintus Hirpinus*) doe not thou enquire,
Nor for life's vſe, which little doth deſire,
Bee thou too carefull. Smooth-fac'd youth, apace
Doth backward flie, and with it beautie's grace.
Dry aged hoarineſſe with furrowes deepe,
Diſpelling amorous fires, and gentle ſleepe.
The Summer flowers keepe not their native grace,
Nor ſhines the bright Moone, with a conſtant face.
Why doſt thou tyre thy mind, ſubordinate
Vnto the Councells of Eternall Fate?
Why vnder this high Plane, or Pine tree's ſhade
In diſcompoſed manner, careleſſe layd,
Our hoary hayre perfum'd with fragrant Roſe,
And odours, which *Aſſyria* doth diſcloſe.
Doe we (annoynted) not to drinke prepare?
Free *Bacchus* diſſipates conſuming care.
But (oh) what Boy, *Falernian* wines hote rage,
Will ſoone for me, with gliding ſtreames aſſwage?
(Ah) who retyred *Lyde* will require,
Hither to come. Boy with her Iuory Lyre,
Bid her make haſte, and haire to tie not ſhame,
In careleſſe knot, like a *Laconian* Dame.

Ode XIV.

Ode XIV.

To Posthvmvs.

Life is short, and Death is necessary.

Eheu fugaces Posthume.

AH *Posthumus*, swift yeares doe passe,
Nor can religious zeale (alas)
To wrinckles, or decrepit dayes,
Or Death vntamed bring delayes:
Not, if thou to harsh *Plutoe's* shrine
Each day three hundred Bulls assigne:
Who *Geryon*, and *Tytius* bound,
With sable Riuer, doth surround.
A streame on which each man must sayle,
From royall Scepter to the flayle.
Wee bloody *Mars* decline in vaine,
Or broken waues of *Adrian* maine:
And (needlesse) feare in Autumne rife,
The South-wind's hurtfull to our life.
Wandring *Cocytus* Flood, with slow
And heauy Current, thou must know.
And *Danäus* infamous traine,
And *Sysiphus* with endlesse paine.
Thou House, Land, louely Wife must want,
Nor of the Trees, which thou dost plant,

(Thou dead) will any wayt on thee,
But the deſpiſed Cypreſſe tree.
Thy worthier Heire, drinkes precious wine,
Which thou with hundred keies did'ſt ſhrine;
And with it the rich pauement dewes;
None ſuch the high Prieſts Banquet ſhewes.

Ode. XV.

Againſt the exceſſe of that Age.

Iam pauca aratro.

MAgnifique buildings will leaue ſhortly, now,
Few Akers of firme land, vnto the Plough;
Now many are beheld huge Pooles to make
Of much more wide extent, then *Lucrine* Lake.
The ſolitary Plane, the Elme ſupplants,
And now no ſort of od'rous flowers wants,
As Roſes, Violets, and *Venus*-Mirtle,
Where th'Oliue grew, to former Lords ſo fertile.
The Lawrell now, to *Phebus* piercing eye,
Through his thick branches paſſage doth denie.
No ſuch Præſcript, did *Romulus* exact,
Nor Elders, nor rough *Cato* did enact.
Priuate Reuenues, then, were ſhort, and low,
And each man ſought to make the publike flow.
Proud Galleries no priuate man, then made,
Of ten foot wide, to let in Northerne ſhade.

Nor

Nor did our Lawes, then, suffer vs disdaine,
A casuall Turfe, for Pillow to retaine;
Commaunding townes to build, at publique charge,
And the gods Temples, with new stone enlarge.

Ode XVI.

To Grosphvs.

All men desire tranquilitie of mind, which can neither with Riches, nor Honours bee acquired, but onely with bridleling our Appetites.

Otium Diuos rogat.

SOone as black clouds haue hid the *Moones* bright eye,
And Pilots cannot best known Stars espy,
The Marriner toss'd in *Ægean* Sea,
Straight to the gods for rest makes humble plea.
The *Thracians* fierce in warre doe ease require,
And Quiuer-bearing *Medes* repose desire,
Repose, which not with gemms, purple, or gold,
(Beleeue me *Grosphus*) will be bought, or sold.
No Wealth, nor Consulls Lictors that make way,
Can from the Heart disturbed tumults fray,
Nor cares which round about gilt roofes doe fly.
Hee with a little liueth happily,
Who hauing on his homely Table plac'd,
His Fathers Cup, and Salt kept vndefac'd,

So

So liues, that feare, nor sordid lucre keepe
His waking eyes from soft, and gentle sleepe.
Why doe wee (boldly) many things propose
In short liu'd age, which *Time* doth quickly close?
Why lands with other Sonne enflamed change?
Who from himselfe, though far frō home can range?
Strong Ships are boarded by consuming Care:
Nor doth she braueſt troupes of Horsemen spare:
More swift shee is, then the light-footed Hind,
Or tempest-raising stormes of Easterne wind.
The mind in present cheerefull, hates to care
For what beyond it lies; And doth prepare
To temper bitter things with laughter free:
"Nothing in all respects can happy bee.
Death quickly snatched braue *Achilles* hence,
Nor did with *Tython's* long liu'd age dispense:
And that (perhaps) of time I may obtaine,
Which thy expecting hopes shall neuer gaine.
You many fertile flocks of sheepe command,
Sicilian Kine about you lowing stand.
Your Mares for Chariot fit, are heard from farre,
Lowdly to neigh: Nor garments wanting are,
Of Purple cloth, dipp'd twice in *Affrick* Dy;
While a poore state, by vpright destiny,
To me is giu'n; mix'd with a slender name,
Of Greekish Muse, and scorne of vulgar Fame.

Ode XVII.

To MÆCENAS being ſicke.

Whom hee reſolueth not to ſurvive.

Cur Me querelis.

WHy kill you mee with your laments?
It neither gods, nor mee contents,
Mæcenas (firſt) ſhould yeeld to Fate,
The Grace, and Piller of my State.
But if a ſpeedier ſtroke of death,
Rob thee (my ſoules beſt part) of breath:
Why ſtay I in the other, *Sole*,
Not pleaſing to my *Selfe*, nor *whole*?
One day ſhall ſee vs periſh both:
I haue not ſworne an idle oath.
Goe, when you pleaſe, I will not ſtay,
But be your partner in the way.
Chimæra's ſpirit breathing fire,
Nor hundred-handed *Gyas*, Ire;
Shall this my fixed vow abate,
Thus Iuſtice hath it pleas'd, and Fate.
Though *Libra* in his full aſpect,
And feared-*Scorpius*, direct,
My *Horoſcope* with rage infeſt,
Or, *Capricorne*, that rules the Weſt;

Our Conſtellations both agree
In admirable ſort. And thee
Ioues radiant luſtre, hath exempt,
From *Saturnes* Beame maleuolent,
And ſlack'd the wings of ſpeedy death;
What time the people with lowd breath,
Thrice in the Theater did ſound
That gladſome newes: Eu'n then a wound,
By a tree's fall, my skull had broke.
But Wood-god *Faunus*, from the ſtroke,
Mee then did happily aſſiſt,
(Patron of each *Mercurialiſt*.)
Then pay thy vowes, thy Temple build,
And I a tender Lambe will yeeld.

Ode XVIII.

Hee affirmeth himſelfe content with little, while others are wholly addicted to their deſires, and encreaſe of riches, as if they ſhould alwayes liue.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

NO guilded roofe, nor Iuory fret,
For ſplendor in my houſe is ſet;

Nor

Nor beames are from *Hymettia* fought,
To lye athwart rich Columnes, brought
From *Affrick*; nor an heyre vnknowne,
Attalus wealth, make I mine owne.
No honeſt Clyents wiues you ſee,
Laconian Purples weane for mee:
A loyall heart, and gentle vaine,
Of wit I haue; which doth conſtraine
Rome's richeſt men, to ſeeke the loue,
Of mee but poore: Nor gods aboue,
Doe I inuoke for larger ſtore;
Nor of *Mecenas* aske I more.
To mee, my onely *Sabine* field,
Sufficient happineſſe doth yeeld.
"One day thruſt's on another faſt,
And new Moones to the Wane doe haſt.
When death (perhaps) is neare at hand,
Thou fayreſt Marbles doſt command
Be cut for vſe, yet doſt neglect
Thy graue, and houſes ſtill erect,
And would'ſt abridge, the vaſt Sea's ſhore,
Which loudly doth at *Baia* rore:
Enriched little, leſſe content,
With limits of the Continent.
Why often pull you vp your bounds,
T'enlarge the Circuit of your grounds,
And greedily your liſt extend
Beyond your neighbour ſtraightly penn'd:
Both man, and wife with ſordid brood,
And ancient houſhold gods, that ſtood

In quiet peace, must bee expeld;
Yet is no habitation, held,
For the rich Land-lord, so assur'd,
As in deepe Hell to bee immur'd.
Then whither doe you further tend?
Th'indifferent Earth, an equall friend,
As willingly opens her wombe,
For Beggers graue, as Prince's Tombe.
Gold could of *Charon* not obtaine,
To beare *Prometheus* backe againe.
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his stock,
Hee, in the bands of *Fate* did lock.
And call'd, or not call'd still is preſt,
To giue the labouring poore man, Reſt.

The end of the second Booke.

ODES

ODES OF HORACE.

The Third Booke.

Ode I.

Life is made happy, not with Riches, but Mind's Tranquilitie.

Odi profanum vulgus.

I Hate, and from mee doe exclude,
The moſt illiterate Multitude.
You knowing Spirits, fauour bring
To me the Muſes Prieſt, who ſing
To Boyes, and ſpotleſſe Virgins, Verſe
Which none did euer yet reherſe.
Kings awfull, their owne Subiects ſway,
And Kings themſelues doe *Iaue* obay:

Who famous for the Gyants fall,
With brow austere doth mannage all.
Say one, more large in furrowes plant
Trees, which another man doth want.
What though one boast a nobler straine,
Affected honours to attaine:
One better life, and Fame pretends,
Another hath more troupes of friends:
With equall Law, ne're fayling death,
The rich, and poore depriues of breath:
Casting that name, from forth his Vrne,
Which next by lot to death must turne.
To him, who o're his wicked head,
A drawne sword sees in twine of thread,
Sicilian Feasts, with dainties grac't,
Procure not Palate-pleasing taste;
No chant of Birds, nor charme of Lyre,
Can to his eyes, soft sleepe inspire:
Delicious Sleepe, no whit disdaines,
The homely Cottages of Swaines:
Nor shady bankes, nor *Tempe* groue,
Where *Zephirus* doth gently roue.
Hee who desires, but what's enough,
Feares not the Ocean billowes rough:
Nor sterne *Arcturus* force, that sets,
Nor rising *Kid*, who stormes begets:
His Vines, nor ruin'd are with hayle,
Nor doe his crops in Harueſt faile;
His fields, now blaming water-falls,
Now parching Starres, now Winter-thralls.

Yea

Yea Fiſhes feele the Seas growne ſtraight,
With Bulwarks rais'd, of wondrous waight:
Heere the Surueyor, with his traine,
And Lord himſelfe, fill'd with diſdaine,
Of his firme Land's too narrow ring,
Building materialls frequent bring:
But angry threats, and reſtleſſe Feare,
Goe with their Maſter euery where.
Black Care, in ſhip, with him abides,
And ſits behind him, when hee rides.
But if, nor *Phrygian* Columnes, can,
Nor vſe of Purples brighter, than
Heauens Lights, diſturbed minds content,
Nor *Falerne* Vine, nor *Perſian* Sent.
Why Pillars proud, ſhould I erect,
Or Gall'ry of new Architect?
Why ſhould I *Sabine's* Countrey Grange,
For much more buſie wealth exchange?

Ode II.

To his FRIENDS.

Boyes are to bee enured from their tender age, to pouerty, warfare, and painfull Life.

Anguſtam amici.

LEt able Youth, it ſelfe enure,
By warres ſharpe vſe, want to endure.

And

And mounted on his Horſe, with Speare,
No whit bold *Parthians* valour feare:
Let him expoſ'd to open ayre,
Liue, and attempt, the hard'ſt affaire.
Whom wife of Tyrant, vs'd to warre,
Viewing, from hoſtile walls afarre;
And Mayd for marriage ripe may crie,
With ſighes, which from ſad paſſion flie.
Oh, that my royall Loue, vntrain'd
In martiall feats, would be reſtrain'd,
Not to fierce Combats fatall ſtroke,
That wrathfull Lyon to prouoke,
Whom bloody angers direfull rage,
In thickeſt ſlaughters doth engage.
"It is a ſweet, and noble gaine,
"In Countreys quarrell to be ſlaine.
Death, the ſwift flying man purſues
With ready ſteps: Nor doth he vſe,
To ſpare, from vnauoyded wrack,
Youth's ſupple hammes, or fearefull back.
Vertue diſdaining baſe neglect,
Doth ſhine with taintleſſe honours deckt:
Nor takes, or leaues ſhe honour's choyce,
To pleaſe the people's ay'ry voyce.
Vertue, vnlocking Heau'n to praiſe,
Doth dauntleſſe try, denied wayes.
Vulgar aſſemblies doth deſpiſe,
And leauing Earth, to Heauen flies.
Yea, truſty Silence is not barr'd,
To haue a merited reward.

Hee,

Hee, who to blab the holy Rites,
Of ſecret *Ceres* Phane delights,
Vnder the ſame roofe ſhall not bee,
Nor in fraile Veſſell ſayle with mee.
"*Ioue* oft neglected, makes the Iuſt
"To ſmart with thoſe are ſtayn'd with luſt;
"Seldome Reuenge, with halting pace,
Leaues bad fore-going men to trace.

Ode. III.

A man with vertue adorned, feareth nothing. Iuno's *Oration of* Troye's *ouerthrow, and the end of that warre. And how the Romane Empire ſhall take beginning from the* Troians.

Iuſtum & tenacem.

HEe, that is iuſt, and of reſolued mind,
No voyce of Citizens to bad enclind,
Nor angry brow of haſtie Tyrants threat,
Can ſhake his ſolid thoughts from Vertue's ſeat.
Not the South winde, which doth rough *Adria* ſtirr,
Nor potent hand of thundring *Iupiter*;
Yea, ſhould the world diſſolued periſh quite,
The ſodaine ruines would him not affright.

With this ſame Art, the wandring *Hercules*,
And *Pollux*, did the fi'ry Turrets ſeaze.
Twixt whom *Auguſtus* plac'd, with roſie lips
Nectar, the Gods eternall liquor, ſips.
With this god *Bacchus*, high his worth did reare,
By Tygers drawne, vntaught the yoke to beare.
With this Art *Romulus* on *Mars* his Steeds,
Leaues *Acheron*, and to Heau'ns glory ſpeeds.
What time the gods conſulting. *Iuno* ſayd
In gratefull accents this; *Troy*, *Troy*, betray'd,
A fatall, and inceſtuous Iudge hath burn'd,
And a ſtrange woman vnto Aſhes turn'd.
Eu'n from that time, that *Priams* wayward Sire,
Bereft the righteous gods their promis'd hire,
Which *Troy* by mee, and *Pallas* once contemn'd,
With Prince and people, were to flames condemn'd.
Now the knowne gueſt, of that adult'rous Dame
Which fled from *Greece*, no more ſhall merit fame;
And *Priams* periur'd ſtock, with *Hector's* ayd,
No more ſhall make the warlike *Greekes* diſmayd.
The fatall warres, which our ſeditions fed,
Are now compos'd, and angry ſtormes are dead.
Henceforth to *Mars* my fury will I leaue,
And *Veſta's* off-ſpring vnto grace receiue:
Him I to Heau'ns bright manſions will admit,
To drinke of *Nectar*, and with gods to ſit:
While the vaſt Sea, twixt *Troy*, and *Rome* is found,
Raigne happy baniſh'd men on any ground:
Whilſt heards o're *Priam's* tombe, and *Paris* ſtray,
And beaſts preſerue their young from hunters pray,

Let

Let the bright Capitoll it's glory ſpread,
And *Rome* giue Lawes vnto the conquer'd *Mead.*
Yea let her, her far-dreaded name extend,
And with the Earth's remoteſt confines end:
Where the Mid-ſtream, *Europe* from *Affrick* bounds,
Or ſwelling *Nilus*, watreth fertile grounds.
Rome abler farre, to ſcorne gold, yet vnfound,
(Which beſt is plac'd, when deepeſt vnder ground,)
Then to extract it thence for humane vſe,
Each hand things ſacred toyling with abuſe.
What limit of the world, ſo e're contend,
Let thither *Rome*, her armes victorious ſend.
Glad to behold, where the burnt *Zones* doe ſtand,
Or clowdy *Poles*, which ſhowry dewes command.
But to the moſt vnvanquiſh'd *Romane* State,
On this condition I preſcribe this Fate,
Leſt they, too pious, and indulgent yeeld,
The ruin'd walls of ancient *Troy* to build.
Yet if that *Fortune* by vnhappy chance,
Should once againe decayed *Troy* aduance,
I Wife, and Siſter of *Ioue*, Heauens King,
With armed troupes, would new deſtruction bring.
If thrice a Brazen wall, by *Phebus* hand
Should reared bee, it thrice by my command,
The Greeks ſhould raze, and thrice the captiue wife
Her child, and husband mourne, depriu'd of life.
But theſe things nothing fit, my ſportiue Lyre;
Muſe whither go'ſt thou? Ah! doe not aſpire,
The gods diſcourſe, thus boldly to relate,
Or great things with low Layes extenuate.

Ode VI.

To the ROMANS.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

Delicta maiorum.

(*Romane*) resolue, thou shalt desertlesse tast,
Sinn's scourge, for vice of Predecessor past,
Vntill thou dost againe, repaire
Decayed Temples, and make fayre,
The falling houses of the gods, disgrac'd,
And cleanse their Images, with smoke defac'd.
To think thee lesse then Gods, thy power commends;
Hence take beginnings, hither ayme thy ends.
The Gods neglected, did impose
On sad *Hesperia* many woes.
Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Monæses* hand,
Our inauspicious forces did disband:
Who with a plenteous prey made glad,
To little chaines new links did add.
The *Dacian*, and the *Æthiop* fierce in warres,
Hath almost raz'd the Citie, rent with iarres.
One with his Nauy formidable,
With Darts, the other better able.
This *Age* in Vice abounding, did begin,
Chast Stocks, and Nuptials to pollute with sinne:
The woes which from this fountaine flow,
People, and Countrey ouerthrow.

The

The Mayd for Mariage ripe, much ioyes to learne,
Ionick Daunces, and can well discerne,
With art to faine, and quickly proue,
The pleasures of vnlawfull loue.
Straight made a wife in midst of husband's cups,
Shee with young Gallants, and adulterers sups.
Nor doth she care, to whom by stealth,
(Light's out) she yeeld loues lawlesse wealth.
But ask'd, doth rise, (her knowing husband by)
To prostitute her Marriage modestie:
At Factors call, or Pilot's hyre,
Of lustfull shame, a costly buyer.
That youth came not, from such Forefathers straine,
Who did the Sea with Punick blood distaine.
By such hands, *Pyrrhus* did not fall.
Antiochus, nor *Hannibal*.
But in those dayes, a braue and manly race
Of rustick Souldiers liued in this place,
Well skill'd in Plough, and *Sabine* spade,
And so to strict obedience made.
That if sharpe mothers bad, at home returne,
They on their sholders brought logs hew'd to burne:
Soone, as the Sun, did change the mountaines shade.
And weary vnyoak'd Oxen home-ward made,
Night gaue their labours free dispense,
Chasing the Sun's bright Chariot hence.
" What wasteth not with *Times* deuouring rage?
" Our Fathers life, much worse the Grandsire's age,
" Sees vs more wicked, to produce
" An off-spring fuller of abuse.

Ode IX.

To Lydia.

A Dialogue of his paſſed Loues, and renewing of them againe.

This Ode, though leſſe morall then the reſt, I haue admitted, for *Iul. Scaliger's* ſake, who much admireth it.

Donec gratus eram.

Horace.

WHilſt I was pleaſing in thy ey,
Nor any to thy heart more nigh,
Claſp'd, that white neck in amorous Ring,
More bleſſ'd I liu'd, then *Perſia's* King.

Lydia.

Whilſt you no other Fire embrac'd,
Nor *Chlöe* before *Lydia* plac'd.
I *Lydia* then with honour ſign'd,
More then the *Roman Illia* ſhin'd.

Horace.

Now *Thracian Chlöe* I obey,
Skillfull, and prompt in Muſick's lay:
For whom I will not feare to dy,
So Fate to her the ſame deny.

Lydia.

Calais Ornithus ſonne doth fire

My

My heart with flames of like desire.
For whom I twice to die, will dare
So Fates, the youth suruiuing spare.

Horace.

But what if ancient Loue returne,
And vs with mutuall passion burne;
If I shake off bright *Chlôe's* hope,
And doores to scorned *Lydia* ope?

Lydia.

Though hee bee brighter then a Starre,
And lighter thou, then Corke by farre.
More angry, then rough *Adria*; I
With thee would liue, with thee would die.

Ode XIV.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

This Ode containeth the prayses of Augustus *returning out of* Spaine, *after his Conqueſt ouer the* Cantabrians.

Herculis ritu.

AS *Hercules*, sometime was thought
Bayes with life's hazard to haue sought;
So *Cæsar* now, to vs restores,
Our houshold gods from *Spanish* shores.
The wife that's with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come foorth, the gods appeas'd.

Octauia:

Octauia Cæsar's Sister, haſt,
And Head with humble veyle embrac't,
Now Mothers with your Virgins deare,
And ſonnes (late) ſafe return'd, appeare.
Now Boyes, and you new maryed trayne
Of wiues, from euill words abſtaine.
From mee this new made Holy-day,
Black ſullen cares, ſhall take away.
Nor feare I in great *Cæsars* raigne,
By force, or tumult to bee ſlaine.
(Boy) Crownes, and Vnguents now prepare,
And veſſell kept, ſince *Marſian* warre:
If any ſuch conceal'd hath been,
By wandring *Spartacus* not ſeene.
Let ſhrill *Neæra* heere bee found,
With golden hayre in treſſes bound.
But if the Porter, make delay
With churliſh anſwere; Haſt away.
White hayres doe mollifie my mind,
To brawles, and quarrells earſt inclin'd.
This in Youths heat, I could not brooke,
When Conſull *Plancus*, Office tooke.

Ode XVI.

Ode XVI.

To Mæcenas.

All things lye open to Gold, but Horace *is content with his owne Fortune, whereby hee is made happy.*

Inclusam Danäen.

Doores strongly fenced, and a *Brazen Tower*,
With carefull Gard of waking dogs had power
Fayre *Danae* in stony walls immur'd,
From night-Adulterers to haue secur'd:
Did not both *Ioue* and *Venus* then deride
Acrisius, who the Mayd with feare did hide.
For they the way knew free, and safe the hold,
Were but the god once turned into gold.
Gold ábler, armed troupes to passe, then thunder,
The strongest Fortresses doth rent asunder.
The *Argive Augur's* house, with all his State,
Desire of gaine did wholly ruinate.
With gifts the *Macedonian* did subdue,
Strong Citie gates, and proud Kings ouerthrew.
Sea-men are snar'd with gifts, and golden store;
" Care, growing wealth pursues with thirst of more.

Then (deare *Mæcenas*) well may I deteſt,
To vaunt my ſelfe with eleuated creſt.
" How much the more, man doth himſelfe deny,
" So much the more, the gods will him ſupply.
I poore in ſtate, ſeeke thoſe that nought deſire,
And, flying, doe from rich mens tents retire,
And better liue, Lord of a ſlender ſtore,
Then, were I ſayd to hold vpon my flore,
What the *Apulian* painfully hath till'd,
And in great wealth bee poore, and neuer fill'd.
My ſtreame of waters pure, my little Copps;
My certaine hope of happy fruitfull crops,
From him his hidden in my better chance,
Who Empire in rich *Affrick* doth aduance.
Though mee *Calabrian* Bees, no Honey giue,
Nor wines in *Læſtrigonian* Flaggons, liue
Till age make good the taſt, though no man knowes
That my rich fleece in fertile *Gallia* growes.
Yet from me, craning pouertie doth flie;
Nor ſhould I aske you more, will you denie.
I, better will with limitted deſire,
Pay *Cæſar* little tributes, then aſpire
By greatneſſe, to vnite the *Phrygian* plaine,
To *Alliatts* ample ſtate, and royall raigne.
" Who much deſire, want much: He richly liues
" Whom God, with ſparing hand ſufficient giues.

Ode XXIV.

Ode XXIV.

Againſt couetous rich men.

Intactis opulentior.

ALthough you richer bee by farre,
Then th' *Arabs* Mines vntouch'd, or *Indies* are:
Though you with deepe pyles, land would gaine,
Eu'n from the *Tyrrhene*, and large *Pontique* Maine.
If, on your head ſad *Fate* preuayles,
Transfixing it with Adamantine nayles.
Yet can you not your mind ſet free,
Or life, from ſnares of death exempted ſee.
The ſauage *Scithyans* better liue,
(Who in their Carts, vnconſtant dwelling driue)
And rigid *Getes*, whoſe common ground
Doth in full ſtore of Corne and Fruits abound.
And loue their tillage to extend,
No longer, then the yearely ſeaſon's end:
So as, whilſt one man weary lies,
A Subſtitute, him with like paines ſupplies.
The Step-dame, there, in peacefull aw,
Commands her mother-wanting ſonne in law:
Nor wife, though rich, her husband ſwayes,
Or, to Adult'rer ſpruce, her ſelfe betrayes.
" Vertue of Parents, is great Dower,
" And Chaſtitie reſtrain'd to Wedlocks power,

"Fearefull of others touch, that knowes
"The breach is ſinne, and Death the payment owes.
Oh, hee that would quite take away
All impious ſlaughters, and each ciuill fray:
If hee the Citie's Father, care
On ſtatues to be ſtil'd: Ah! let him dare,
(So ſhall hee future glory gaine)
Looſe libertie with bridle to reſtraine.
But vertue (liuing) we deſpiſe,
And much admire it, taken from our eyes.
But what need ſad complaints hee ſpent,
If vice be not cut off with puniſhment?
What profit Lawes, in vaine compoſ'd,
Without good liues? If neither Climes expos'd,
To parched heates: Nor Northren ſtarre,
Nor ſnow hard cruſted, can the Merchant ſcarre:
Wiſe Marriners, through rough Seas flie,
The greateſt imputation (*Powertie*)
Bids vs doe that, or ſuffer this,
Yet doth the painfull way of Vertue miſſe.
Then goe wee to the Capitall,
Where vulgar voyce, and troupes of friends do call:
Or, in the neareſt Sea bee bold,
Our gemms, and precious ſtones, with fruitleſſe gold,
The root of many ills to caſt.
If thou wilt fully ſinnes repentance taſt,
Let this firſt ſcope thy thoughts inſpire,
To raze the Elements of foule deſire:
And in minds tender, apt to ill,
To ſeeke the ſharpeſt ſtudies to inſtill:

Youth

Youth nobly borne, as yet vnride,
Feares hunting sport, and speedy horse to ride:
Farre better skill'd *Greeke Tops* to ply,
Or *Dice*, which ancient *Romane* Lawes deny:
Whilst his false Syre, with cunning wiles,
His fellow-neighbour, and his guest beguiles,
And all this, that hee may prepare
Great heapes of riches, for his worthlesse heyre.
"Thus, though vile riches grow: yet will
"Somewhat to our weake state, be wanting still.

Ode XXVIII.

To Lyde.

Hee perswadeth Lyde, *to spend the day dedicated to* Neptune *pleasantly.*

Festo quid potius die.

WHat doe we else on *Neptune's* Feaste
Bee therefore (*Lyde*) ready prest,
To broach *Cæcubian* Wines, enclos'd;
And let strong wisedome bee oppos'd.
Thou seest, 'tis mid-time of the day,
And yet, as if swift time did stay,

A Butt, thou ſpar'ſt, was Cellar-ſtalld,
When *Bibulus* was Conſull call'd.
With mutuall Songs, weele *Neptune* pleaſe,
And the greene-hayrd *Nereides*.
On crooked *Lyre*, ſing thou with art,
Latona, and ſwift *Cynthia's* dart:
Whilſt our laſt ſtraine, her praiſe vnfolds,
Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
And *Paphos* with payrd Swans doth view,
Yet (*Night*) weele pay thee Verſes due.

Ode XXIX.
To MÆCENAS.

Hee inuiteth him to a merry Supper, laying publiques cares aſide.

Tyrrhena regum.

OH my *Mecenas*, ſprung from roy ll ſtraine,
Of *Tyrrhene* Kings; Behold, I doe retaine,
Long ſince by mee reſerued, to be thine,
A veſſell, yet vnbroach'd of milder wine;
Soft roſie flowers, for thee I will prepare,
And ſupple Vnguents, preſſed for thy haire.
Then free thee from delay: Nor alwayes yeeld,
To view from farre *Æſulus* hanging field,

Moyſt

Moyſt *Tybur's* Site: Nor let thy eyes abide,
On hills of *Telegon*, the Particide.
Leaue off to ſee, ſucceſſefull *Rome* reioyce,
In ſmoaky hopes, much wealth, and vulgar voyce.
To great men, changes oft times gratefull are:
And vnder humble roofes, neat frugall fare,
Without rich hangings, or gay purple ſtate,
Doth the moſt buſie brow to mirth dilate.
Now bright *Andromeda's* refulgent Sire,
Shewes to this vnder-world, his hidden fire:
Now *Procyon*, and the raging *Lyon* ſwayes,
Phæbus reducing drie, and parched dayes.
The Shepheard tyr'd, with his faint flock doth hie,
To find coole ſhades, or trembling current nigh,
And rough *Sylvanus* thickets: while the ſhore,
Becalmed ſtands, from wind's tumultuous rore.
Meane time the good of *Rome*, in mind you beare,
And of her much ſollicitous, doe feare
What *Seres* plot, or *Bactria Cyrus* ſtate,
Or, *Tanais* warlike-dweller perpetrate.
All-knowing god, with cloudy night doth cloſe,
Euents of future times, and laughs at thoſe,
Who beyond reaſon feare: Thy preſent ſtate,
See then with equall mind thou moderate.
All other things, like to a Riuer's ſourcey
Who in the middle Channell of his courſe,
Now to the *Tyrrhene* Sea in ſilence ſtrayes;
But when fierce Deluges, calme Riuers raiſe,
Hee then in heaps rowles down with dreadfull ſound
Stones billow-gnawn, & trees torne from the groſid.

With

With house, and cattell borne along the flood,
Frighting the hill with noyse, & neighbouring wood.
Hee Master of himselfe, liues merry dayes,
Who (this day I haue liu'd) and truely, sayes;
To morrow (*Iowe*) with black clouds heau'n embrace,
Or let the Sunne shew forth his golden face.
Yet notwithstanding God will not agree,
That what is passed once, shall frustrate bee:
Nor what the once swift-sliding houre hath wrought,
Will he vnfashion'd leaue, or bring to nought.
Fortune in aduerse chances, sportiue euer,
And bold in scornfull pastime to perseuer,
Transferreth her vncertaine honours: Now
To mee propitious, instantly to you.
I praise her, while shee stayes, but if shee shake
Her fleet wings, I restore what I did take:
And mee with my owne vertue, doe inuest,
Making thin honest pouertie my guest.
Tis not for mee, in prayer time to wast,
When wracking Southerne wind hath rent the Mast,
And bargaine with the gods, that the vast floods,
May to their wealth, not add my *Tyrian* goods:
When I into such dangerous hazard fall,
The Wind, and *Pollux* with his brother, shall
Mee with a poore two-oared Vessell ayd,
See, safely through *Ægean* stormes conuayd.

Ode XXX.

Ode XXX.

To MELPOMENE.

Horace hath obtained eternall glory, by writing of Lyrick *Verſes.*

Exegi Monumentum.

A Monument by mee is brought to paſſe,
Out-liuing Pyramids, or laſting braſſe,
The Sepulchre of Kings; which eating raine,
Nor the fierce Northren tempeſt can reſtraine:
Nor *Yeares* (though numberleſſe:) nor *Times* ſwift (ſtart.
I will not wholly die; my better part,
Shall ſcape the ſullen hearſe: Bright Fame ſhall raiſe
My memory renew'd, with future praiſe:
While in the Capitoll the Prieſt aſcends,
With *Veſtalls* pure, whom ſilence ſo commends.
I (though) of humble ſtraine will be declar'd,
The firſt, and able moſt, that euer dar'd,
Vnto *Italian* Proportion's vſe,
Æolian antique Meaſures to reduce.
Where *Aufidus* with wrathfull ſtreame doth rore,
Or *Daunas* poore in waters, reigneth o're
Rough barbarous Nations. Take to thee a name,
Which beſt (*Melpomene*) may ſute thy fame.
And (willingly) thy Poet doth requeſt,
My haire with *Delphick* Lawrell thou inueſt.

The End of the third Booke.

ODES OF HORACE.

The Fourth Booke.

Ode III.

To MELPOMENE.

Horace *is borne to Poetry, by whose ayd, hee hath obtained immortall glory.*

Quem tu Melpomene.

ON whom (*Melpomene*) with mild aspect,
Thou shalt thy fauour at his Birth reflect,
Him, *Isthmian* Labour shall not higher reare
With Wrastlers title, nor swift horses beare
By *Grecian* Chariot drawne, for Victors mee'd
In pompous triumph; nor for warlike deed,
A Captaine in the Capitoll bee made,
And deck'd with *Delian* Bayes, who durst inuade,

And

And breake the ſwelling threats of hoſtile Kings:
But rather thoſe ſoft-falling gentle Springs,
Which waſh fat *Tybur*, and Groues thickly growne,
Shall make his worth in *Lyrick* Verſe be ſhowne.
Rome Queene of Cities, doth no whit diſdaine
Mee for the Muſes ſake to entertaine,
Amongſt the Poets, loued Quires to ſit,
So that I now, am leſſe with Enuy bit.
(Oh thou *Pierian*) which with Harpe of gold,
Doſt in ſweet notes harmonious ayre vnfold;
(Oh thou) who if thou pleaſe, to Fiſhes mute,
The Swan's delicious Song canſt attribute:
It wholly is a gift deriu'd from thee,
That by each finger, which doth paſſe by me,
The *Romane Lyrick* Harper they deſigne.
That I doe breath, and pleaſe (if pleaſe) is thine.

Ode V.

To Avgvstvs.

That now at length he would returne into the Citie.

Diuis orte bonis.

(*Cæſar*) thou from the gods propitious ſprong,
Our beſt preſeruer, ſtay'ſt away too long.
Wee promiſe of thy quicke returne require,
Made to the ſacred Senate: Oh retire,

(Good *Cæſar*) on thy Countrey light reflect,
For where thy Spring-like face doth beames eiect,
More ioyfull to the people are the dayes,
And better doth the Sunne, transfuſe his rayes.
Like as a Mother (when the Southerne wind,
Her ſonne with enuious tempeſt hath confin'd,
Beyond the billowes of *Carpathian* Straights
More then a yeare:) His home-returne awaights
With vowes, and prayers; And the gods implores,
Her eye not ſtirring from the crooked ſhores.
So ſtrucken with their faithfull heart's deſire,
Thy Countrey (*Cæſar*) doth thy ſelfe require.
Behold the Oxe, ſafe, wandreth vp and downe;
Ceres, and bright *Felicitie* doe crowne,
And feed the Land. The Seas are calmer fram'd
For *Saylers* vſe. Faith feareth to be blam'd.
No chaſt houſe, with Adulterie's defil'd;
Cuſtome, and Law, hath ſpotted ſinne exil'd.
For Sonnes like Syres, the Mothers we commend.
" Companion puniſhment doth vice attend.
Who feares the *Parthian* now, or *Scythian* bold;
Or Monſters, which rough *Germany* doth hold.
Or *Cæſar* being ſafe, who will regard,
That fierce *Iberia* ſtands for armes prepar'd?
Each man in his owne hilles, doth cloſe the day,
And Vines about the widow-Elme diſplay.
Then frolike to his banquet hee retires,
And thee a god, in ſecond Cups admires.
With many prayers, he doth his Vowes enflame,
And powres full goblets out vnto thy name;

Thy

Thy Godhead ſeeking with his *Lars* to pleaſe,
As *Greece* their *Caſtor*, and great *Hercules*.
(Good *Caſar*) render long repoſe we pray,
To glad *Heſperia*: This wee (ſober) ſay
When day firſt breaks: This moyſtned, when to reſt
The Sun inuites vs, waning in the Weſt.

Ode VII.

To Lvcivs Manlivs Torqvatvs.

Since Time changeth all things, let vs liue merily.

Diffugêre niues.

NOw ſnows are quite diſſolu'd, freſh graſſe we ſee
To fields return'd, and leaues to euery tree.
The earth with various change each ſeaſon rankes,
And falling Riuers glide within their bankes.
Aglaia dareth (naked) on the ground,
With Nimphes, and her two ſiſters daunce a-round.
The yeare vs warnes immortall things to doubt,
And Hower, which circumvolues the day about.
Soft Weſterne winds, on Winter mildneſſe bring,
Soone wither'd Summer, weareth out the Spring,
Then mellow Autumne, powres his fruits amaine,
And inſtantly dull Winter turnes againe.
Yet ſpeedy Moones celeſtiall harmes reſtore
To after times: when wee are gone before,

Where *Tullus*, good *Æneas*, *Ancus* trade,
Nought are wee elſe (alas) but duſt, and ſhade.
Who is it knowes, whether the heauenly powers,
Will adde to this dayes ſumme to morrow's howers.
Your greedy heire in nothing ſhall haue part,
Which you in life ſhall giue with bounteous heart.
But when you once are dead, and powers diuine,
To you, an equall ſentence ſhall aſſigne;
Then (oh *Torquatus*) blood, nor eloquence,
Nor pietie, can life againe diſpenſe:
For neither chaſt *Hypolitus*, was free
By *Dian* ſet, from Hells obſcuritie;
Nor were *Lethean* bands, by *Theſeus*
Diſſolued, for his deare *Pyrithous*.

Ode VIII.

To MARTIVS CENSORINVS.

There is nothing which can more immortalize men, then Poets Verſes.

Donarem pateras.

TO friends I would giue freely (*Cenſorine*)
Pieces of richeſt Plate, and Bowles for Wine,
Three-footed Tables, (valiant Greekes reward:)
Nor from my choyceſt gifts ſhould you be barr'd,
Were

Were I with artfull figures richly ſped,
Which *Parrhaſe* drew, or *Scopas* pourtrayed.
In colours one, in ſtone the other bold,
A man ſometimes, ſometimes a God to mould.
But I haue not this power: Nor doe ſuppoſe,
Your wealth, or wiſh, wants ſuch delights, as thoſe.
You Verſes loue, for Verſe we make a ſhift,
And know what price to ſet on ſuch a guift;
Not Marbles with deepe Characters engrau'd,
By which to valiant Captaines life is ſau'd,
And ſpirit after death: Not ſpeedy flight,
Nor threats of *Hannibal*, reiected quite:
Not flames of *Carthage* better ſound his praiſe,
Who did his name from conquer'd *Affrick* raiſe,
Then *Ennius* Muſe: Nor can reward bee wonne,
If paper tell not, what was brauely done.
What would become of *Mars*, and *Ilia's* brood,
If ſpitefull ſilence, *Romulus* withſtood?
The ſtrength, and grace of Poets powerfull wit,
Makes *Æacus* in fields *Eliſian* ſit,
Snatched from *Stygian* floods. "Muſes denie,
A man deſeruing praiſe ſhould euer die.
"Muſes giue heau'n: So dauntleſſe *Hercules*,
In *Ioues* wiſh'd Banquets doth his palate pleaſe:
Caſtor and *Pollux* bright Starre doth redeeme,
Storme-beaten Veſſels, which do ſhipwrack'd ſeeme.
God *Bacchus* brow, adorn'd with verdant Vine,
Doth happy end, vnto our vowes aſſigne.

Ode XXX.

Ode XIII.

To VIRGIL.

Hee deſcribeth the approach of the Spring, and inuiteth Virgil *vnder condition to a Banquet.*

Iam veris comites.

SOuthwinds, the Spring attending ſtill,
Now Seas doe calme, and Sayles doe fill:
Now Froſtes doe not make Meadowes hore,
Nor Winter-Snow, ſwolne Riuers rore.
The luckleſſe Bird, her neſt doth frame,
Bewayling *Itis*, and the ſhame,
Of *Cecrops* houſe; and that ſo ill,
On Kings rude luſt, ſhee wrought her will.
The Shepheards of rich Flocks rehearſe,
And to their Pipes chaunt rurall Verſe:
And ſeeke his God-head to appeaſe,
Whom flockes, and hills *Arcadian* pleaſe.
Theſe times doe thirſtie Seaſons ſend;
But if (thou *Virgill*) *Caſar's* friend,
With preſs'd *Calenian* Liquor hie,
For Wine, thou ſhalt ſweet vnguents buy,
And purchaſe with a little Box,
Wine, which *Sulpitius* ſafely locks.

New

New hopes moſt powerfull to create,
And bitter cares to diſſipate.
Vnto which comfort, if thou haſt,
Come hither with thy Vnguents faſt.
I'le not (free coſt) my cupps carrouſe,
As rich men in a plenteous houſe.
Then leaue delayes, and Gaine's deſire,
And mindfull of blacke Funerall fire,
" Short folly mixe with Councells beſt.
" Tis ſweet, ſometime to bee in ieſt.

Ode XIII.

Againſt Lyce.

Who being olde, is become a ſcorne to young men.

Audivere Lyce.

THe gods haue (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou,
Faine would'ſt (forſooth) bee counted faire,
And quaffe, and wanton with the ayre:
And (drunke) with trembling voyce invite
Slow *Cupid*; who takes more delight,

On *Chia's* roſie cheekes to ſtay,
Both young, and skill'd in Muſick's lay.
For hee, delay not booking, flies
From wither'd Okes; and from thee hies,
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinckled face,
And head of ſnowy hayre, diſgrace.
Now cannot *Coan* Purple's vſe,
Nor brighteſt gemms, the *Time* reduce,
Which once ſwift-winged *Age* hath cloſ'd
In publique Calenders diſpoſ'd.
Where is thy beautie fled? (Ay mee)
Thy colour freſh, and motion free?
What haſt thou of that, that entire,
Which earſt inſpired amorous fire?
And did mee from my ſelfe diuert;
Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
For pleaſing beautie, and ſweet grace,
Diſcou'red in a louely face.
But Fates to *Cynaras* did owe,
Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crowe;
They heere ſuruiuing longer hold,
That feruent young men may behold.
Not without laughter, and much ſcorne,
A flaming torch to aſhes worne.

Ode XV.

Ode XV.

The prayſes of Auguſtus.

Phœbus volentem.

MY Muſe by *Phebus* was rebuk'd of late,
For ſinging warres, and vanquiſh'd cities fate:
Like thoſe, who in the *Tyrren* Ocean's rage,
Doe little Sayles aduance. (*Cæſar*) thy age,
Affoordeth plenteous fruits, vnto the fields,
And to *Ioues* Capitoll our Enſignes yeelds,
From *Parthian* Pillars ſnatch'd, and after iarres
Hath cloſed *Ianus* Temple free from warres.
Confuſion hath with Order rectifi'd,
And wandring Libertie in fetters ty'd.
Hath antique arts recall'd: By which tis knowne
Heſperia's ſtrength and *Latine* name hath growne.
Imperiall pompe hath ſpred, and glory wonne,
Stretcht from the riſing, to the ſetting Sunne.
While *Cæſar* is our Guardian, ciuill warre,
Nor violence, our peacefull reſt, ſhall marre.
Not anger, which ſwords ſharpeneth, and confounds
Cities, vnhappy made with mutuall wounds.
Not they for thirſt, that drinke in *Iſter* deepe,
Shall once refuſe, the *Iulian* Lawes to keepe.

Not *Seres*, faithleſſe *Perſians*, nor the *Getes*,
Nor thoſe, which neere to *Tanais* haue their ſeats.
And wee on holy Eeues, and holy Dayes,
Amongſt free Cupps, to merry *Bacchus* prayſe:
With wife, and children, ſtanding in our ſight,
(Firſt Gods inuoking with religious Rite)
Will gladly (as our grandſires did) rehearſe,
(And tuning *Lydian* Pipe to various Verſe,)
Heroique Captaines, *Troy*, *Anchiſes* gone,
And braue *Æneas*, *Cytherea's* ſonne.

The end of the fourth Booke.

CER-

CERTAINE EPODS OF HORACE

Epod. I.

To MÆCENAS.

Horace *will trauell with* Mæcenas, *going to the* Actiack *warres against* M. Anthony.

Ibis liburnis.

IN low built Barkes, thou wilt not faile,
'Mongst loftie towring Ships to saile;
And dost (*Mæcenas*) much encline,
To make great *Cæsar's* perill thine.
What shall wee doe? Whose life is blest,
If thou suruiue: If not, distrest.
Shall wee (commanded) idle bee:
Repose is toyle, if not with thee.

Or ſhall wee vndergoe theſe paynes,
With minds which no ſoft eaſe reſtraines?
Wee will? And through the *Alpes* aſcent,
And *Caucaſus*, where none frequent:
Yea to the vtmoſt Weſterne parts,
Will follow thee, with conſtant hearts.
You'le aske; How can thy labour pleaſe,
Vntrayn'd in armes, and weake with eaſe?
"In company, Feares little ſeeme,
Which men in abſence, great eſteeme.
As Bird, her plumeleſſe young ones, left,
More feares to find by Serpents reft;
Not that ſhee can with preſence, bring
Force able to reſiſt the ſting.
This warrfare will I vndertake,
Or any other, for thy ſake.
Not that my many Ploughes are found,
With Oxen more, to till the ground.
Or Beaſts to *Lucan* Meads are ſent,
Calabrian feruors to preuent.
Nor *Tuſculum*, my Village cleare,
May to *Circæan* walls, come neare.
Thy fauour mee enough hath ſtoar'd,
Which I, as *Chremes* will not hoard
Within the earth; nor euer ſhall
Spend like a waſtfull prodigall.

Epod II.

The praise of the Countrey life.

Beatus ille qui procul negotijs.

HEe happy is, who farre from buſie toyle,
(As elder ages) tills the ſoyle
With his owne Cattle, which his father left,
From thralling intereſt bereft.
Hee is not moou'd, when warlike Drumms doe beat,
Nor feares the angry Ocean's threat.
Hee Pleas, and Suits abhorres, and doth refuſe,
The grace of mightie men to vſe.
But either doth to talleſt Poplars twine,
The tender off-ſprings of the Vine.
And cutting branches off, which vſeleſſe were,
Graft thoſe, which better fruit may beare.
Or, vieweth in ſome winding valley's maze,
His wand'ring Heards of Cattle, graze.
Or, doth preſs'd honey in pure veſſells keepe,
Or, ſheare his wooll o're-burdned ſheepe.
But when with mellow fruit ripe *Autumne* crown'd,
His head vpreareth from the ground.
How he to taſt the grafted Peare delights,
And grape, that with the Purple fights.
Which to *Priapus*, as a gift redounds,
Or, old *Siluanus*, God of Bounds.

Now

Now vnder aged Oke, hee howers doth paſſe,
And now repoſeth on the graſſe.
While gentle Riuers from high bankes doe glide,
And Birds their warbling notes diuide:
Small ſtreames, on purling pibbles murmure keepe,
To ſummon ſoft, and eaſie ſleepe.
But when lowd *Ioue*, rough Winter ſends below,
In ſtormy ſhowres, and chilling ſnow.
Then hee the hardy Bore, from place to place,
With Fleet-Hounds, into Toyles doth chace:
Or elſe, the fearefull Hare, and forraine Crane
With pleaſing ſpoyle, in grinns are ta'ne.
Ah! who in thought, 'mongſt ſuch delights retaines
Leaſt ſenſe, of loue's diſturbing paines?
But if (in part) a modeſt wife direct
The houſe, and children deare affect.
As *Sabine* earſt, or ſwift *Apulian's* dame,
Parched with tawney *Phebus* flame,
With old dry wood, a bleſs'd fire make to burne,
'Gainſt weary husband's wiſh'd returne:
And folding gladſome flocks in wouen grates,
Dryes vp their dugges, which milke dilates;
And broaching new wines kept in veſſells faire,
An (vnbought) Supper doth prepare.
The *Lucrine Oyſter* (ſute) not *Gulfhead* bright,
Nor *Turbot*, yeeldeth more delight,
If Winter ſuch, when Eaſterne tempeſts rore,
Doe driue vpon our *Tyrrhene* ſhore.
Ionick Partriges, not *Affrick Quaile*,
Vpon my palate more preuaile,

Then

Then doth the vnctuous Olive choycely cull'd,
From fertile Branches newly pull'd:
Or Sorrell that in Meadowes doth abound,
And Mallowes, bodies making sound.
Or Lambe, on *Terminus* his Feast that dies,
Or Kidd redeem'd, from Wolfe's surprise.
Amongst these dainties, what content it yeelds,
To see the fed-flocks leave the fields.
To see the weary Oxe with neck worne bare,
Dregging the turned plough and share:
And Hinds (the plenteous houshold swarme)
'Bout shining *Lars* to sit, and warme.
This sayd, rich *Alphius* that money lends,
To lead a Countrey life intends,
And in the *Ides* his Debts call'd in amaine,
But in the *Calends* lent againe.

Epod VII.

To the people of ROME.

An Exetration of the ciuill warre, raised, on the one side by Brutus, *and* Cassius, *on the other, by* Octauian, M. Anthony, *and* Lepidus *the Roman Consulls.*

Quo, quo scelesti.

AH Traytors, whither haste you? To what end,
Do your right hãds, to shethed swords descend?

Is there so little yet, of *Latine* blood,
Powr'd on the Champaine fields, or Ocean flood?
Not that the *Roman* should with flames abate,
The Towers of *Carthage*, emulous of our state:
Or *Britton* should (vnconquered to this day)
Bee taught, in chaines to tread the sacred way.
But that (which now the *Parthian* would demand)
This Citie should bee raz'd by ciuill hand.
'Mongst Wolues, and Lyons neuer was this vse,
But beasts, whom nature diff'rent doth produce.
Doth Fury blind? Or greater power command?
Or sinne's offence? Oh let me vnderstand:
They silent are: Their cheeks are paler made,
And feares their horror-strucken minds inuade.
Tis so: Sowre Fates doe *Rome* with fury staine,
And tyrannous offence of brother slaine.
Which on ensuing ages layd the guilt,
When *Remus* harmlesse blood on earth was spilt.

Epod. XIII.

To his merry friends, that they should passe the Winter pleasantly.

Horrida tempestas.

ROugh tempests haue the brow of heauen bent,
And showres, and snowes, cause thicke nethayre's descent.

Now

Now *Thracian* Northwinds, Sea, and woods affray.
Friends, let vs take occaſion, from the day;
While ſtrength is freſh, and vs it well becomes,
Let Age be lightned, which the brow benummes.
Boy, ſee you broach thoſe elder wines were preſs'd,
When *Torquate* firſt, the Conſull's place poſſeſs'd.
Speake not of other things. God will perchance,
Theſe to their ſeat, with happy change aduance.
Vnguents of *Perſian* Odours, now delight;
Cares driuing with *Cylenian* Harpe to flight;
As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* ſang.
Vnvanquiſh'd Mortall, that from *Thetis* ſprang,
Thee *Troy* expects; which *Simois* rowling Tyde,
And ſmall *Scamander's* colder ſtreames diuide,
Whence to returne, ſo Fates thy threed vndoe,
Thou canſt not back with thy blew Mother goe.
All Sorrow there, with wine, and Song depreſſe,
(Sweet comforts, of deformed heauineſſe.)

The end of the Epods.

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